

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

OUR PROSPECTS AND INTENTIONS.

Many of our friends, orally and by letter, have cheered our hearts, and lightened our labors, by their expressions of pleasure, and good will for the *Guide*, and we have been encouraged to believe that our little paper has done some good. We may have said or done some things, during the year, which we would not now say and do. With the experience we have obtained, we feel better qualified to conduct a journal, than we did before. We intend to enlarge the *Guide* at the commencement of the next year, if sufficient encouragement is given, and however grateful we may be for the warm and flattering commendations which we have received, they are not all we need. We need the more substantial evidences of approbation, furnished by a largely increased subscription list, and we ask our friends to do what they can for us.

We shall make it a point to give our readers an abstract of *European and General news*, and to give a space to *Agriculture*, with such facts in *Science*, as may be useful and interesting; we shall enlarge our corps of contributors, and try to improve the paper in all respects. We think the deaf-mutes should have a journal of their own, which shall advocate their rights, and lend its aid in all possible ways for their interest, advancement and improvement.

We desire, as far as in us lies, to make the "*Gallaudet Guide*" a model newspaper in its peculiar way, but we cannot make it all we desire, without the aid of our hosts of friends to increase our subscription list.

We hope therefore, that our friends, and all others who feel an interest in the cause, will make an effort to extend our circulation.

If they will talk to their neighbors, as they talk and write to us, we feel certain that they can do so easily, and thus benefit us, benefit their neighbors, benefit themselves, and aid a good cause.

The subscription price will be *one dollar*; please send in your orders without delay.

The annual report of the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn., lies before us. Its issue was delayed by the ill health of the Principal. Whole number of pupils within the year, 264. Greatest number in attendance at one time, 227.

Total expenses for the year, \$50,613.61. The report has, as usual, a number of compositions written by the pupils. Among these is a first-rate one, in the shape of a letter, written by a member of the "*Gallaudet High Class*," which beats anything we ever saw in that way. The author of it bids fair to make his mark in the world in some way; we may insert it in the "*Guide*" at a future time, for the benefit of appreciating readers. Mr. David E. Bartlett, a former teacher in the Asylum, and long an assistant of Dr. Peet, in the New York Institution, has returned to his post. We congratulate the officers of the Asylum, on having secured so efficient a person, and hope they may long retain him. Mr. Melville Ballard, a young deaf-mute, for some time past a teacher at Hartford, has left for a similar post in the Institution at Washington, D. C.

One of the teachers, Mr. Sutton, having resigned, his place is filled by Mr. J. L. Noyes, formerly of the Louisiana Institution.

There have been three deaths during the year.

We acknowledge the receipt, from a friend, of a copy of the Annual Report of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Whole number of pupils within the year, 357. Number remaining at close of the year, 298. Expenses, \$70,616.69.

The Report and Documents, make up a pamphlet of 88 pages. The parts which interest us most, are the "*Valedictory Address*," by Albert A. Barnes, a graduating member of the High Class, and now a teacher in the Institution, and an elegant poem by Mrs. Mary Toles Peet, entitled "*The Castle of Silence*."

We have received a copy of a paper, published at the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It is entitled "*The Deaf Mute Casket*," and is the work of the pupils of the Institution; it is neatly got up under the superintendence of Mr. W. J. Palmer, the Principal.

BOSTON DEAF MUTE'S CHRISTIAN UNION.

At the last regular meeting of the Board of Managers of this association, it was voted to have monthly lectures in their Room at Tremont Temple, to commence on the first Wednesday of November, and continue through the winter.

The first lecture will be delivered on Wednesday evening, Nov 14th, by Amos Smith, Jr, Esq. Subject, Home and Home Influences.

The second lecture will be furnished on December 5th, by William Martin Chamberlain. Subject—Life, Travels, and Writings of John Kitto, D. D. F. S. A.

Other lecturers will be procured in course of time, of which due notice will be given.

The lectures will be reported for the *Guide*.

The July number of the "*American Annals*," has a number of interesting articles relating to deaf-mutes and their instruction, besides notices of a large number of the Institutions in this country and in Europe, from which may be made an estimate of the progress of deaf-mute instruction and the favor with which it meets from public and private sources.

ACCIDENT.

Two or three weeks ago, Mrs. Albert Barnard, residing in Charlestown, Mass., was severely burned by the upsetting of a fluid lamp. Her dress caught fire, but was torn from her person by a visitor who was in the room at the time. Her face was slightly scorched, and one of her arms severely burned. She was doing well at last accounts.

George A. Tirrell, of Weymouth, Ms. raised this season, from seed obtained of D. P. Clark, of Peterboro, N. H., a French Pumpkin, weighing 73 lbs, besides some smaller ones of 20 and 25 pounds weight—Can any one beat it.

THE TATLER.

LETTER VIII.

MR. EDITOR.—A month has elapsed since I wrote last; and it has indeed been full of stirring events. History has been quite busy in recording them in her pages—she rejecting all idle rumors about here and abroad.

In the Italian tragedy—the war between Freedom and Despotism—the plot thickens. Garibaldi took possession of Naples without bloodshed, and young Bomba (the King of Naples) retired with his troops to Gaeta, his last strong hold in the Neapolitan Kingdom. Soon after, in the northern part of the Roman Provinces, the Sardinians fought, conquered, and captured Gen. Lamoriciera, and his mercenaries,—mostly Irish, hired by the Papal Government. Almost at the same time, the Garibaldians experienced some reverses; but they have since, according to the latest news, received yesterday, repaired their defeats by brilliant victories over the enemy. This news, however, needs confirmation.

Austria kept quiet, though busy all the time in polishing her guns, and piling cannon balls in all her Venetian fortresses; France added a considerable number of men, under the command of Gen. Guyon, to her soldiers, already stationed at Rome, to protect the trembling Pope from Garibaldi, who was heard to threaten an invasion of the "Eternal City."

Considerable uneasiness and anxiety have been created in the hearts of all true friends of Italy, by the unfortunate misunderstanding between Garibaldi and Cavour. Count Cavour is Premier at the Court of Victor Emanuel. He is one of the greatest statesmen of this age. He has done much in alleviating the condition of his countrymen.

Both those eminent men are truly patriotic and devoted to the welfare of Italy. The cause of their quarrel, was according to Garibaldi's letter, published at Naples, is the annexation of certain Italian Provinces, in particular, the city of Nice, to France, with the full consent of Cavour. This charge Cavour has since publicly denied. The quarrel is of a nature so serious, as to prevent the freedom of Italy; but there is much hope that its consequences will be averted, for the last report says Garibaldi has invited Victor Emanuel to come

over to Naples, and take authority, and that he, (Garibaldi,) is to retire from his army. If the Tattler wonders if his men could well afford to lose such a commander, on whom they doat. If this report be true, and Victor Emanuel has accepted the invitation, the otherwise unavoidable conflict between the Garibaldians and the French, will be happily prevented, and the prospect of freedom throughout the Italian land, will be brighter. Besides, it will reflect much credit on Garibaldi's patriotism and sagacity.

As the curtain has not yet fallen, we, the "lookers-on in Venice"—sit here with commendable patience, on confounded benches, gazing vacantly at the bluish sulphurous smoke on the stage, which hides the actors from our eyes. As the smoke has not yet cleared away, the Tattler will turn the noses of your amiable readers from Italy to Syria.

Fuad Pasha, the Turkish Premier, has hung by tens, nay, by hundreds, the scoundrels who committed such atrocities on the unfortunate Christians. *Vive Fuad Pasha!* Indeed he is entitled to at least ten score, of black-eyed and must-scented Houris in Mahometan Paradise.

On this continent, notable events have occurred. Poor Walker is dead. This remarkable filibuster died a victim to his egregious folly and obstinacy. After several unsuccessful invasions of the different parts of Central America, he had the presumption to invade Honduras, with a mere handful of deluded men; he won some successes, but finally was obliged to retire to a place where he surrendered himself and his men to the officers of the English Navy; and the English handed them over to the tender mercies of the Honduran Government.

The unhappy General was condemned to be shot, and to be imprisoned for four years, and the men to be sent to the United States, under the promise never to attack any part of Central America again. The General was accordingly shot on the 12th of last month; he died like a hero, and a Roman Catholic, with a crucifix in his hands.

It would not be amiss to state, that he was once a very quiet and inoffensive man, practising medicine at New Orleans. He fell desperately in love with a young deaf-mute lady, distinguished for her personal attractions and mental accomplishments. His love was not returned by her; but her mother, taking a fancy to him, urged her to accept his hand. Ere she said yea, cholera carried her to

"That undiscovered country, from whose

No traveller returns." Her untimely death was a severe blow to poor Walker, and hence he turned filibuster.

Resuscitate in pace.

The Prince of Wales, the Tattler has seen with his own eyes; so has Madame Palette. As you know, ladies are good judges of men's beauty; she does not think he is handsome; but she declares he bows like a royal prince. On this, the jolly Dutch Rocking Chair observes: "though the Prince bows well, he does not bow like a Newfoundland dog. *Vive Baron Renfrew!* He has my best wishes for his safe and happy return to "OLD MERRIE ENGLAND, to the open arms of his royal mother, and to his CICERO and HOMER, at Oxford." A kind-hearted rocking chair, that.

Lincoln, Douglas, Bell and Breckinridge, are still on beds of roses, sweet to their nostrils, but thorny to their fingers; they haven't had a comfortable wink, since their nomination. They are losing flesh every day. Poor Men. And the Rocking Chair echoes: "Poor Men."

RAPHAEL PALETTE.
New York, Oct. 1860.

For the Gallaudet Guide. EVILS OF TOBACCO.

I was very much pleased with a perusal of an article headed "Tobacco," in the last number of the *Guide*. There is too much truth in the article to be contradicted, even by those most addicted to the use of tobacco. A friend of mine, on reading that article, has resolved to quit smoking, and to pray to God for aid, in getting rid of that filthy and debasing practice. I trust he will be successful in his resolution, though I know it is very hard for any person to quit using tobacco altogether, after having been initiated into the habit.

Thank God, I do not use tobacco in any form, and my father and brothers are exempt from this habit.

I fully agree with the author of the article, that "it was the devil beyond all question, that sowed the seed, and who is still the sole sower of all that is, or ever will be raised of this soul-contaminating vegetable."

I make some extracts on "Tobacco Smoke," from one of Dr. Alcott's works, entitled "Laws of Health," for insertion in the *Guide*, which go to show that tobacco smoke is a great nuisance to ladies and delicate persons.

"Tobacco smoke is something, it is tobacco. It is volatilized very finely; still, it is tobacco, and nothing else. That once white tobacco-pipe, is now as black as tobacco itself. That wall, at the corner of yonder fire-place, was once white; it is now covered with a dust which was deposited in smoking. Taste or smell that dust, and you will find it to be neither more nor less than tobacco.

"A smoker forces tobacco smoke into all the internal cavities of the lungs, and is the occasion of blackening four thousand square feet of membranous surface there, just as he blackens his pipe, or the wall near which he sits; or as soot blackens a chimney.

"There can be no doubt that the oil of tobacco is one of the most virulent poisons in nature. One or two drops of it will destroy many of the smaller animals.

"It is indeed not a little surprising that days and weeks and months, and sometimes many years, should pass away, and the delicate machinery of the lungs, and of the whole system, should be poisoned and remain poisoned.

"True, most tobacco-smokers, unless they have unusually strong constitutions, do suffer much, while they are using tobacco. They have hard colds, twinges of rheumatism, bilious attacks, or, it may be, fevers.

"Who is there among us, that has never inhaled a particle of tobacco smoke? He must be very young, or very much a recluse. The tobacco smoke I have inhaled, when in the presence of smokers, has poisoned my whole system, for the time, as certainly as it has theirs.

"It is a Christian law to love our neighbor, and our neighbor is our fellow man. Does he love his neighbor, who gradually, though it may be very slowly, poisons him? Is it a Christian duty to love our families, our wives and children? And do they love their families as they ought, who poison them by inches?

"How painful must be the thought, to a conscientious tobacco-smoker, if such a person can be found, that many professedly Christian men and women are not only poisoning themselves, but poisoning those they most love, I mean, their very families. For how frequently we find parents smoking in the presence of an asthmatic or consumptive child!

"One species of meanness attaches to the smoker of tobacco, which distinguishes him from most of the votaries of vice and crime. Few persons will be so mean as to prefer to steal from a poor man rather than from a rich man. And yet, in travelling on almost any

railroad, or any steamboat, which makes provision for second-class passengers, you will often find the tobacco-smoker so mean as to leave his own car, and go and puff his poison among those who, from their poverty and wretchedness, cannot help themselves; and who, as he well knows, are not allowed to complain."

According to the estimates of physicians, more than twenty thousand persons die every year, from the use of tobacco, in the United States. The physicians say that the use of tobacco exhausts and deranges the nervous powers, and produces a long train of nervous diseases, to which the stomach is liable, and especially those forms that go under the name of *dyspepsia*. It also exerts a disastrous influence on the mind.

I have read in BALLOU'S MAGAZINE, that "tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and weakening the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and frequently smokes, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular as well as mental energy. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anybody in the world, to shun tobacco as a most deadly poison!"

I have written enough on the subject of tobacco for the present.

A MUTE TYPO.
Philadelphia, Oct. 1860.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you a few meagre facts relating to Deaf Mutes, which may be of sufficient interest to warrant their publication. They are gleaned from a journal kept by Francis Green, Esq., who was one of the first in this country to become interested in this class of persons. The immediate cause of his interest in their behalf was the fact that he had a son, who was deaf and dumb. At an early age, he placed him at the Academy of the Braidwoods, in Edinburgh, an institution for instructing such children, of which the reputation was quite extended. Here he remained nearly six years, and made rapid progress,—having acquired in the meantime the faculty of speech. As the father witnessed the great advantage gained by his son, he did not allow his pen to remain idle.

In 1783, while at school in London, and while his son was yet residing in Edinburgh, he published a pamphlet, entitled "Vox Oculi Subjecta—A Dissertation on the most curious and important Art of imparting Speech, and the knowledge of Language to the naturally Deaf, and (consequently) Dumb. With a particular Account of the Academy of Messieurs Braidwoods, of Edinburgh; and a Proposal to perpetuate and extend the Benefits thereof. Written by a Parent." London, 1783, 8vo. Shortly after its appearance, this pamphlet was noticed with commendation in the September number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*;—also in the *Boston Magazine*, for December, 1784, and January, 1785.

Leaving England in 1784, he took up his residence in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he lived,—filling several important offices,—till 1797. We next find him at Medford, where he appears to have devoted his leisure hours to writing for the public journals on his favorite topic, and endeavoring to show the importance of instructing the Deaf and Dumb. Many articles from his pen may be found in the *Boston papers*,—particularly the *New England Palladium*, during the years 1803, 1804 and 1805. He made a translation of Abbe de l'Epée's book on the manner of instructing the Deaf and Dumb. He gathered returns from the ministers in the different towns in this State, which showed that there were seventy Deaf Mutes in Massachusetts alone;—and from these data he calculated that there were about five hundred in the United States.

Mr. Green was born in Boston, 21st August, 1742 (O. S.), graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1760, and died in Medford, 21st April, 1809.

S. A. G.
It is easy to exclude the noontide light by closing the eyes, and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the heart.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

MR. EDITOR:—The last number of the Guide now lies before me. It was not my desire for purpose, to take a flight into a controversy with Mute Typo, but as he condescended to notice my article, I feel it incumbent upon me to say a few words in reply, especially as he misinterpreted the sense of my closing remarks. The idea I meant to convey, was, that he who seeks to marry, merely to obtain a good house-keeper, is as much influenced by cupidity, as the sordid fortune hunter.

That fast young men are neither few or far between, no one at all conversant with large cities, will deny, while there is another club equal in number to the idle of our own sex, who loaf at street corners, and do nothing but stare and squirt tobacco juice upon the passer-by.

The cry against novels has become an old song. An indiscriminate perusal of this kind of literature carried to excess, is undoubtedly injurious. But there is a certain class of novels which not only elevate the mind and heart, but teach many a valuable lesson of self-denial, devotion to duty, and incalculable precepts of usefulness upon every woman, whatever may be her station in life. In the pages of such a novel, Mute Typo will find the representative of a good wife as set forth by the members of the Coate's Lyceum. Although he doubtless regards the idea of looking into a novel with a shudder of holy horror.

I believe household duties are the best preservatives of a woman's health and well-being; while she attends to these she escapes the frivolity, sentimentality, and ennui attendant upon the idle butterfly of fashion.

And while I would have women proficient house-keepers, as well as thorough economists, well acquainted with the details of a respectable mode of living—I would also urge upon them the cultivation of their minds, by the perusal of the best literature of the day. They will then not only render home pleasant and inviting by skilful housewifery and the embellishments of a cultivated taste, but enliven the home-circle with the resources of an intelligent, and well-informed mind. The society of such a woman cannot fail to exert an elevating influence upon all who may enjoy it. Says an elegant and practical writer upon this subject, "a well informed woman may generally be known, not so much by what she tells you, as by what she does not tell you, for she is the last to take pleasure in mere gossip, or to make vulgar allusions to the appearance, dress, or personal habits of her friends and neighbors. Her thoughts are not in these things. The train of her reflections goes not along with the eating, drinking, visiting, or scandal of the circle in which she moves. She has a world of interest beyond her local associations; and while others are wondering what is the price of her furniture, or where she bought her watch; she, perhaps, is mentally solving that important question, whether civilization was ever extinguished in a Christian country."

LIZZIE.

MR. EDITOR:—I send to your correspondent (En Avant), a quid of philosophy to chew. The following paragraph is clipped from the New York Observer.

R. P.

CIGARS.—There is something in a good cigar peculiarly endearing and precious to those habituated to it; it is not so much the positive happiness it can afford, as its power to soothe irritation, and calm the nervous anxieties of those to whom it has become a necessary of life. It is to the body what philosophy is to the mind—a source of tranquility. We never see an old man, after the toils of the day are over, calmly enjoying his pipe, without a sentiment of pleasure; but to see a young man puffing and prattling, creates a very different feeling. With the one it is a habit endeared and consecrated, by time; with the other it is a mere affectation or a vicious indulgence demanded neither by his cares nor his years.

Cotton.

Remember that a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GUIDE.

DEAR SIR:—The Sept. number of your paper is received, but the August number miscarried by mail. I have no reply to make to "Reynard," whatever. He has said, because the argument rallies to one centre, and that is, that a noble institution, like that of Hartford, the parent of all the Asylums, ought to be sustained and made prosperous. The wisdom of the people of England, is worthy our imitation. They have been more careful to establish and improve their two colossal universities of Oxford and Cambridge, than to multiply smaller concerns of education with less learning.

Whatever Raphael Palette may find it interesting to respond to my observations relating to the Pre Adamite period of time, I would here say one word and take my leave of the subject,—so as to afford other writers, other topics in your paper, so necessarily contracted in space. I made an inadvertent mistake in my remarks of August last, as to the giving way to the Botanical. It was not so,—as I see by reference to the Bible. The plants were prior to the animals. But this does not contradict the facts myself and Mr. "A" would state. The original vegetation of the earth, rank and luxuriant, was the germ of similar classes, all which were buried under the earth, and formed the coal beds.

As the plants began then to germinate and to beautify the surface over which earthquakes had passed, animals then appeared, but at first they were too Zoophytic to be of any respectability they might, in part, like other zoophytes, have lived on the slime of the earth, and such fish as they gradually found at hand.

Were not the fishes devoured and thinned, naturalists or philosophers think they would so stock the sea as to die and putrify it. The young of a single herring or shad are astonishingly numerous! Whole shoals of little herrings or shad are observed in the ocean for miles in diameter, and they are constantly devoured by whales, sharks, and other piscators, to say nothing of man, as they come up the fresh water rivers to spawn. These animals of the Saurian order, were in turn, buried in the earth, and their fossils give names to rocks. Some of the better formed animals remained, when finally man was made; and in none of the rocks of former ages, are there any remains of the human skeleton. Many great convulsions passed over the earth, prior to the creation of man.

I shall not undertake to throw any light on the scripture quoted by R. P., that God made animals to eat grass at that time, for it may not have had reference to all the brute creation, but to such as were the innocent companions of man. And indeed taking the Scripture in its letter, for the philosophy of the case, it would seem that mankind were not permitted to devour flesh, until after the flood, when God allowed it, but prohibited eating the blood. (See Gen. chap. 9, verses 3 and 4.) According to Mr. Palette's view, from these words, flesh-eating was first permitted or first used, whereas it may be supposed that the violent giants previous to the Deluge, ate animals and with the blood. The authority was given to Noah, evidently to restrict the eating of blood, "which is the life." We see from this, that the Bible alludes to matters casually, without covering the universal ground.

So then before Adam vegetables were turned by hot waters or fire and earth, into coal; and the Saurian reptiles and serpents into fossils. Death existed then. So we can account for the oblong stones, with fish bones found in them, by Dr. Buckland, under the ribs of the Ichthyosaurians. There is nothing deep, mythical or wonderful here, contradicting revelation.

The flood itself was a miracle, and

the preservation of the lives of animals analogous. They exist in a torpor, like the bear, in winter, and needed little food for the time the ark was borne upon the waters.

If Mr. Palette would read some good christian book in geology, that of Dr. Hitchcock for example, he would find that the original plants of animals were destroyed and covered by the earth, and that much of what remained, either was created during the sixth thousandth year or sixth day. For we observe that water animals were made on the fifth and that two days were occupied in the creation of the whale. May not the Saurians, which were amphibious, have been made when the "great whales" were?

Geologists say that the six days in which the creation perished, were six thousand years,—that in one of those thousand, plants over stocked all lands which were merged under the sod; and the water animals, which, in the marine, in another thousand, shows the fate of the plants;—when finally after many upheavings and convulsions, in which the various rocks were disintegrated, broken in pieces and powdered, and after the creation of land animals, man was made to dwell on the beautiful globe. And for this authority, when we observe that "one day with the Creator is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day," we can no longer wonder, or doubt, or bewilder ourselves about the time and order of the creation, any more than about the actuality of the same.

Near Athens, Geo., Sept., 1860.

J. J. FLOURNOY.

P. S. The stone found under the ribs of the Ichthyosaurians, with fish bones in it, was a petrification, made so by the action of dirt and hot water, during the dreadful earthquakes of one of the pre-adamite periods of creation. This is nothing strange when you see modern petrifications of wood and bones, when placed in certain earths or waters. I think R. P.'s original doubt fully satisfied of the truth of the Mosaic Record, and the agreement with them of Geology.

LIFE'S DARK WATERS.

There are storms on life's dark waters.—Note the care-worn look of that aged man as he pauses to rest on his staff. Once his limbs were active and his step firm. Once his eye was bright, and his cheek, now pale, glowed with the rose-tint of health. All have vanished, and now behold the wreck of the noblest work of God, proving that he has met the storms on life's dark waters.

Gaze on the lofty air and firm step of that proud youth as he bids adieu to his home and friends. No teardrops stain his cheeks, his heart is firm, and he looks boldly to the future. He sees the last mountain peaks which surround his home fade in the distance; he utters no word, the heavens no sigh, but with a happy heart still looks onward. Thoughtless youth! You have yet to learn to meet with a fearless heart the storms on life's dark waters.

See that bright eyed maiden as she trips lightly along, heedless alike of light or shadow. A smile is on her ruby lip, and mirth and gladness are in her eyes. Bright flowers fill her path, flowers without a thorn. But steel your heart for the future, fair one, for there are storms on life's dark waters.

A cold, motionless form lay shrouded in the habiliments of the grave. White locks lay folded over the rounded forehead on which deep lines of care were plainly seen; yet a calm, heavenly smile parts his lips, seeming to say that the storms on life's dark waters were safely passed.

Thorough bathing and good air, dry feet and suitable clothing, should be attended to by persons of all ages. An ill ventilated room is but the result of laziness, and all persons have access to some means of bathing, for cleansing and keeping open the little pores of the skin, and if those means are not accepted, nature is apt to send a fever to do the work intended by the bathing tub.

Thomas Hood died composing—and that, too, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to turn a lively Hood.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Lynn, Mass., Sept. 30, 1860, Miss Salome F. Bursell, aged 44 years and 6 months, a graduate of the American Asylum.

DEAF MUTE LOST.—Two weeks ago Mr. Charles Woodman, of Burlington, sent to this city, from that town, a deaf mute about 17 years old, with a request that the proprietors of the Steamer Sanford would give him a passage to Boston, he being on his way to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, in Hartford, Conn., and being in poor circumstances. The proprietors cheerfully complied with the request, but shortly after the boat left Bucksport the lad was missed. No uneasiness was felt for some time as it was supposed he was safe on board; but at length, not making his appearance, every part of the boat was most thoroughly searched, and he was nowhere to be found. The conclusion arrived at was that he had stepped ashore at some one of the landings and returned home, as he was very home-sick. The proprietors of the boat have communicated with Burlington, and learn that he has not returned there. Nothing has been heard of him in any quarter since he was last seen on board the boat. He was very ignorant, having no knowledge of the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet. Papers will confer a favor by noticing these facts as he may still be in some town on or near the river.

Bangor, (Me.) Paper.

HEALTHY BREAD.—How to make it out of flour and water and a little salt, and no yeast, saleratus, cream of tartar, or any such vile soap making stuff.

Take as much milk-warm water as you will want to make your batch of bread, and salt it about twice as salt as you would if you were going to mix the same quantity into saleratus bread. Stir in flour enough to make a paste about as thick as a griddle cake dough. Put this paste into a tin pail and set the pail into a pot of warm water on the stone hearth where the water in the pot will keep about milk-warm all the time. This will give the paste an even temperature.

In four or five hours the paste will rise and foam like yeast. Then turn it into your mixing pan and mix in flour enough to make your dough for bread, and mould it in your pans ready for baking. Set the pans in a warm place, under or about the stove, and cover them over with a clean cloth or paper and let it rise, which will take about two hours, and as soon as it is fairly raised put it into a hot oven and bake it quickly and thoroughly.

You will have the lightest, whitest, and sweetest bread that can be made, and that is healthy and will retain the natural taste of a handful of wheat when chewed in your mouth, and is not spoiled by saleratus, cream of tartar, yeast powder, and such like drugs.

If you do not put the salt in the water you will fail to get a good rise about nine times out of ten, but follow the directions and you will seldom fail.

If people would eat this kind of bread we should not hear of so much complaint of sour stomach, headache and dyspepsia.

We have had the bread in our family for some time, and can truly say it is the best we ever tasted. We advise our lady readers to try it. (Ed.)

At best, life is not very long. A few smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, some pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells, then our little play will close, and injurer and injured will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

EXPENSIVE HABITS. The young cannot be too careful how they acquire habits of unnecessary indulgence of appetite. Though the expense to the individual is comparatively trifling, yet the aggregate expense to the community, is enormous.

It is estimated that there are hundred million smokers in the world, and that the smokers and snuff-takers annually two million tons of tobacco, costing as much as the breadstuffs in Great Britain.

THE GIFT OF SPEECH.

Were we incapable of expressing our thoughts and feelings, either orally or by writing, had we no spoken or written language, our condition would be below that of the savage. Even he has a language; but deprive him of that, and it is clear that he would sink below, very far below, his present condition; and how low that would be, it is not easy to imagine. The condition of man would be depressed to the lowest point of which it is capable.

Language is the medium of blessings innumerable and momentous. It is by language that we can give utterance to all our thoughts and emotions. Without it, every man would be the living tomb of his own thoughts and purposes. It is in language that the soul of man embodies itself, and can transmit its thoughts, its knowledge, its spirit of love and patriotism and piety, to distant ages. Without it, eloquence would be extinct, and poetry, philosophy and religion. There could be no history, no literature, no knowledge. There could be no written constitutions, and consequently no laws, no civil and religious liberty, no form of government but such as exists among the animal tribes. But by it, and by it alone, all these live and flourish. By it, knowledge unfolds her ample scroll from the beginning of time; history records the deeds of our race; poetry gives utterance to the noblest thoughts and aspirations that can stir the human breast; science discloses her treasures found in air, earth and ocean. By it, exists the whole framework of society, as it is at present constituted. Without it where were the press and the pulpit; where were national and state constitutions and laws; where were schools, academies, and colleges, the seats of science and the halls of legislation; where were taste and cultivation and refinement, and all the comforts and elegance of life; where were railways and telegraphs, ships, commerce, agriculture, manufactures; where villages, cities, states, nations? Without it, where were Herodotus and Livy, Plato and Aristotle, Homer and Virgil, Wickliffe and Luther, Bacon and Milton, Edwards and Webster, and all the greater and lesser lights, who have poured the treasury of their thoughts and knowledge into the heart of nations! Without it, where were God's Book of Life? what could we have known of God, of the origin of things, of a Saviour, of immortality? Without it, how could that gospel be disseminated through the earth? how could man be saved?

There is something wonderful in the power of man to communicate his thoughts, either by articulate sounds, or by a combination of letters and words, the mere arbitrary signs of thought. Behold the printed volume! as the eye passes over its lines and pages, how wonderful it is that those arbitrary signs should be the medium of enlightening, persuading, moving and expanding the soul; should thrill it with delight, move it to laughter, or melt it to tears. And is greatly abused and perverted by mankind, yet how ennobling, how elevating, how indispensable, this splendid gift to man. How supremely the wisdom of God shines out in the communication of its use.—N. Y. Evangelist.

We give below the remainder of the toasts offered at the Dinner of the Gallaudet Association.

The American Asylum;—The American cradle of silent training and prospective industry—may this produce her graduates more worthy the name of "scholars" than those present here to give out their airy bubbles of individualism.—By J. Emerson.

Moral Fragrance—may you bloom in the garden of celestial harmony, like those flowers which impart so congenial an atmosphere of sweetness around you and unfold in beauty not only physical, but also mental, moral and spiritual.—By J. Emerson.

Our Association—May it witness many more such happy re-unions.—By Mr. Chamberlin.

The Day we celebrate and our Mother—may the first come often and the latter never forget her children.—By Mr. Packard.

Our Alma Mater.—Of all the American Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, most venerable in years but still, excelled in vigor and usefulness by none of her blooming daughters.—By T. J. Chamberlin.

The Ladies—to their virtue we give our love; to their beauty our admiration, and to their hoops we give the way.—By Mr. Sanger.

A GOOD FAMILY SEWING MACHINE FOR \$10.

Any person in want of a good Family Sewing Machine, can be supplied by enclosing the above amount in a letter, and directing it to the Agent,

GUSTAVUS A. CONVERSE, Rindge, N. H.

